

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Gave the Slackers a Little Lesson in Patriotism

WASHINGTON.—A certain Chinese restaurant was crowded the other night. All the tables were occupied but one, when in came a man in khaki. While waiting for his order he spied an automatic piano in one corner of the room. Over he went, pulled a five-cent piece out of his pocket and dropped it in the slot. The piano immediately began to play "The Star Spangled Banner."

The soldier stood up straight and looked around the room. Other diners rose to their feet, until all were standing with the exception of a man and two women who were seated at a table on the other side of the room.

The soldier looked at the seated ones, but his glances did not faze them. They went right ahead talking. Maybe they thought that "The Star Spangled Banner" played on an electric piano wasn't the same thing as the national anthem played by the Marine band. But the soldier didn't look at the matter in that light. He walked over to the table of those who had remained seated.

"See here," he said, in firm but courteous tones. "As long as I wear this uniform I propose to see to it that the national anthem is respected. I'm going to play that song some more, and when it is played I want you to stand up."

The musical instrument had quite a repertoire. The man in uniform had to feed it a large meal of nickels before it got around to "The Star Spangled Banner" again.

When the strains of that song finally rang out, the soldier stood straight. All the diners arose. Every man and woman stood, this time, while the song ran its course.

The soldier looked pleased, but said nothing. He kept feeding money into the piano. Every time "The Star Spangled Banner" came around, everybody in the room stood up.

Once more the national anthem came around. This time the man the two women who had refused to stand up in the first place made for the door. The man had his hat on.

"Attention!" roared the soldier, in tones that shook the walls. Off came the man's hat. And "The Star Spangled Banner" in triumph did flow from beginning to end before they did go.

Baby Is Last Representative of Famous Family

PHIL SHERIDAN III, three years old, is toddling about the nursery of his home, 1833 M street northwest, today, at play with his baby sister, apparently oblivious to the fact that on his tiny shoulders rests the burden of sustaining the fame of a line of American fighters that produced such heroes as the famous Civil war general whose name he bears and Gen. "Mike" Sheridan, the hard-fighting and hard-riding brother of General "Phil."

This weight of responsibility is placed on young "Phil" by the death of Brig. Gen. Michael V. Sheridan, and that of his father, Maj. "Phil" Sheridan, the son of the most famous member of the fighting family.

Gen. Michael Sheridan died of heart disease at the age of seventy-seven years. He had been the companion of "Phil" Sheridan in many of his most daring battles. Starting out in life with the intention of entering the priesthood, he had laid aside the robes for an army uniform, and in it won distinction that will carry his name far down in the history of American fighters.

He was at Appomattox Court House at the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he was appointed adjutant general of the training camp at Camp Thomas, Ga., and was soon made a brigadier general and chief of staff to General Brooks, commanding the Porto Rico expedition. He was in active service there until the close of hostilities. In 1902 he was retired with the rank of brigadier general, owing to advanced age and ill-health.

He Wanted to Be Quite Sure Everything Was All Right

THERE is a well of human interest in connection with the selective service law and its fulfillment, which has, as yet, hardly been tapped. Consider those 10,000,000 questionnaires filled out by the registrants of the land. What stories of pathos, humor and fact are contained in those documents!

Here is something that happened at a local board recently, when registrants were filling out their questionnaires.

He was a poor country fellow. How he got into the city, and registered, and filled out his questionnaire, is one matter. What he said is another.

After he had answered all the questions, he turned to the lawyer who had assisted him and said: "Now, is that all I have to do with this thing?"

"Yes, just seal it and put it in the mail box," the lawyer explained again. The registrant still sat.

"You say that is all I have to do?" he said, hesitatingly, at last.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, good humoredly. "Lick it, seal it up, and drop it in the mail box. That is all you have to do."

But the country boy still sat.

After a bit he shifted in his seat, and said:

"Well, now, you say all I have to do is lick it and seal it and put it in the box."

It is to the eternal credit of that lawyer that he never cracked a smile, but encouraged the earnest fellow, who finally went through the door, licking the flap of the envelope as he went.

Secret of Giragossian's Motor Not to Be Revealed

THE mystery that has surrounded Giragossian's free-energy invention—the Garabed—is not to be cleared by the official tests ordered by congress. The secret of the invention, if it proves a success, will not be disclosed until after the war. The Garabed, its inventor claims, will be of great use as an engine of war, and for that reason he does not wish his secret to fall into the hands of the Germans.

Five New England scientists have before them today invitations to be members of the board that will judge the invention. Giragossian will not tell their names. The tests will be held in Boston—and "very soon"—but the exact place and exact date the inventor will not give. He left Washington to arrange for the tests on February 20. The scientists will be the only persons present with Giragossian at the tests. Robert Hennessy, the inventor's closest friend and the only man to whom he has confided the secret of the Garabed, will not be allowed to witness these tests. The board of scientists will be pledged to secrecy. When the tests have been carried out, they will be permitted to make only one or two announcements. They may say either "it works" or "it has failed"—nothing more.

Giragossian approaches the tests with the same absolute confidence that he has displayed in every step of the long fight to have his invention tried out by the government.

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)
GOAL FOR 1918 CANNERS—1,500,000,000 QUARTS!



Wash Boiler With False Bottom Makes a Home Canner Which a Girl Can Operate.

GET READY FOR BIG FALL PACK

Specialists Advise Ordering
Equipment Early and See
That Cans Are Ready.

EXAMINE ALL USEABLE JARS

Putting Up Food at Home Saves
Transportation Later—Last Year's
Pack Estimated at 850,000,000
—Goal Set for 1918.

One billion five hundred million quarts of home-canned produce in 1918!

A goal has been set for the 1918 home canners. The stupendous size of it might make it appear impossible of attainment were it not for the fact that the American family's ability to can, in a patriotic situation, has been demonstrated. The great canning effort for the year 1917 has been estimated at 850,000,000 packs by officials of the United States department of agriculture. But there are still thousands of unfilled jars in every township of the United States, the specialists say, in setting the new goal and advising early preparations for the 1918 campaign. If a slogan is needed, "Fill every jar in every home, keep every jar busy throughout the year," is suggested.

Pack for Last Year.

The method of arriving at the estimated countrywide pack for last year is interesting. Eight of the principal concerns in the United States manufacturing rubber jar rings reported a production for use in home canning of 836,761,248 rubber rings. Retailers and jobbers, it is understood, carried over from the year 1916 a large supply of rubber jar rings. Taking into account the special packs that were sold and the use of jar rings a second time, the officials believe it is safe to estimate the number of packs made in homes last year at 850,000,000.

Quart Jar for Canning.

Canning in most homes is done in quart jars. It is reasonable to assume that the two-quart packs may be used to offset the pint packs, specialists say, and that therefore the total pack estimated might safely be expressed in quarts. Placing a general average value of 20 cents a quart upon this product, the estimated value of hermetically sealed food canned in homes is \$170,000,000. In most cases this food was produced on the farm or in the backyard garden, was canned in the family kitchen, stored in the pantry, and is being consumed in the home. The transportation facilities of the country were not taxed in the production of this food and in most cases it was produced on soil that otherwise would have been idle, with labor that would have been unable to find useful employment.

Careful About Salt.

The bureau of chemistry, United States department of agriculture, warns consumers against buying table salt from peddlers or other persons whose reliability is not established. Salt recently offered by a peddler

in Washington was found to contain serious amounts of arsenic. The opinion is expressed that the salt possibly was recovered from a refrigerating plant or may have been the sweepings from a warehouse. Other low-grade or by-product salt contains sufficient barium chloride to be poisonous and dangerous in food. Such salt, under the food and drugs act, must be labeled or invoiced "Not for food purposes." Irresponsible dealers, however, may offer it for sale for human consumption. Such sale is, of course, in violation of state or federal laws, and renders the dealer, if caught, liable to prosecution. The attention of the public is called to the need of great care in the purchase of low-grade food products offered at bargain prices.

FEDERAL SERVICE SHOWS MORE SUGAR CONSUMED

Returns from the first war emergency food survey made by the U. S. department of agriculture indicates that the amount of sugar consumed in 1917 was about 88.3 pounds per capita whereas the average annual consumption for the five-year period ending in 1916 was 84.7 pounds per capita. The evident increase in consumption, says the department, is due in part to the increased manufacture for export of commodities like condensed milk and to an increase in population coupled with an increased consumption by individuals and to an increase in consumers' stocks.

Prepare for Home Canning.

Collect all used jars. Examine each carefully. Discard all defective containers and damaged tops.

Clean all useable jars and store with tops in place. Order any additional jars needed and lay in a supply of new rubber rings.

Make sure that the clean wash boiler or other large vessel that you will use for your hot-water bath are free from leaks. Examine and test pressure or other special canning apparatus if you have it.

If you use a wash boiler or large pail provide a false bottom of slats or bent wire. Strong wire trays with long upright handles make good false bottoms and enable the housewife to lift out groups of hot jars from the water bath.

SAVE LITTLE SUGAR TODAY.

Substitute Other Sweetens.

Cook cereals with dates or raisins and serve without sugar. Cook dried fruits without sugar. Sweeten fruits with honey or maple or corn syrup. Make puddings, cakes and other pastry with part corn syrup, molasses, or honey instead of all sugar. For a cupful of sugar in a cake recipe substitute a cupful of syrup or honey and for each cupful so used lessen the amount of liquor in the recipe by one-quarter cupful.

AT HOME IN WILD PLACES

Adventures That Would Demoralize Ordinary Man Apparently Have No Effect on John Muir.

John Vance Cheney, the poet, told me this story of his long-time friend, John Muir, William H. Hamby writes in the Outlook.

"One night, after a long absence, Muir walked in, as he often did, looking like a wild man, and sat down by my fire. He had been up in the Sierras for weeks.

"'Had a beautiful storm up there,' said Muir, after he got a little accustomed to the fire and the presence of a fellow human being. 'Snow was waistdeep in most places. One night I found a crevasse where steam was coming out of the mountain. I lay down as close to it as I could and when one side froze numb I would turn it over to the steam.

"'In the night I dozed and waked to feel something warm on my face that did not feel like steam. I did not stir, but opened my eyes very slowly. It was a grizzly bear licking my face! 'The geologist looked around at me with a twinkle. 'Now I call that a right friendly act of that old bear.'"

"'Didn't you ever get scared at anything in the woods?' I asked. He always went into the wilds unarmed. In fact, usually the only preparation he would make for a five months' trip would be to take his hat off the hall rack.

"'Well,' he confessed, 'once I was a little embarrassed by fear. You know what acres of blackberries grow up in the mountains. They were ripe, and I waded into a patch to help myself. There was a scuffling noise 15 feet away and I saw an old grizzly also helping himself. His method was to reach out and rake in an armful, eating berries, tops and all. That old grizzly looked at me in a way that suggested I was an intruder, a trespasser, committing a willful misdemeanor.

"'I returned his look in the friendliest sort of way, trying to convey to him the impression that I had no thought of intrusion; that I admitted the berry patch was his, but in passing had merely stopped to taste a mouthful of berries—and that I was going on in a minute.

"'I did,' smiled John Muir, 'a less than a minute, for he did not seem to get my impression, but started to gather me in with his next armful of blackberry vines.'"

"Fittest" Under Arctic Circle.

We think of Greenland as a frozen and desolate land, fit only for the abode of the hardy Eskimos. And yet in Finland, in a severe northern climate, has grown up a hardy and virile race, Nevio O. Winter writes in the Christian Herald. Perhaps it was because only the sturdiest could survive under such conditions, for isolation bred self-reliance and industry was necessary to existence. At any rate, the fact remains that the Finns have developed a civilization that is unique and of interest. It is not surprising, to one familiar with the Finns and their history, to know that a republic has been proclaimed. No people are more truly democratic. Under the autocratic rule of the czars Finland maintained her democratic institutions, and it was the only part of Russia where the traveler was free to move about without having a demand made almost daily for his passport. The Russian calendar, which is thirteen days behind our own, was ignored and in every way the public and social customs differed from those of the Russians.

A Chemist's Service.

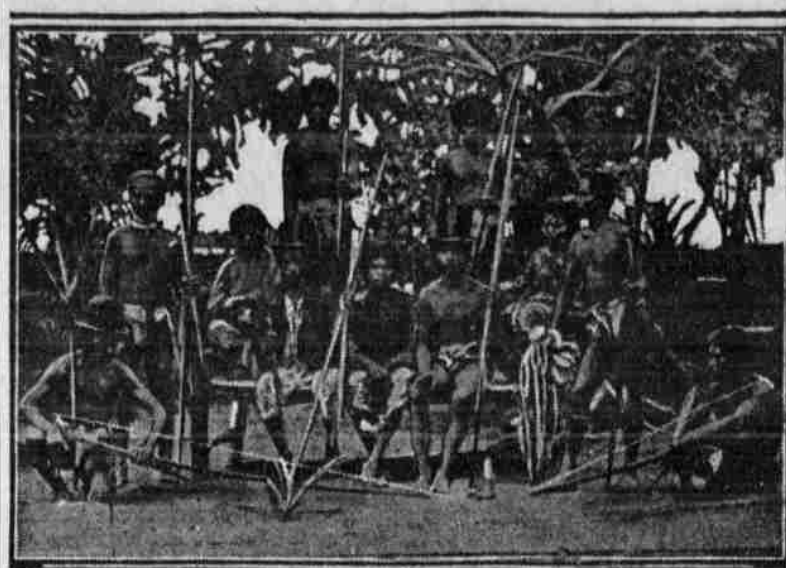
A few days ago a visitor at the Minnola aviation camp asked a skilled chauffeur what were his most trying experiences when two or three thousand feet aloft. He said the worst was the numbing effect of the cold, high wind, combined often with rain. No equipment has yet been perfected whereby an aviator under these conditions can protect himself. A numbered aviator reduces the efficiency of an airplane 50 per cent or more.

This aviator was informed that the chemists had solved the problem of a garment that will keep rain out, that will maintain a comfortable temperature of the body and protect from piercing wind. A distinguished chemist in the service of a large industrial corporation was asked if he could perfect a formula for cotton cloth that would furnish a garment practically indestructible, not cracking, as rubber does in high altitudes, and that would keep out cold and rain. He worked out a cloth which is the delight of those aviators now using it. It can be manufactured at very little cost.

Dared Death for Shipmate.

The unusual chance of saving a man who was endeavoring to save another came to an American sailor and he has just been commended for his bravery by the secretary of the navy. The incident occurred off the aeronautic station at Pensacola, Fla. George Buckley, a seaman, and A. J. Gash, an apprentice, were sailing in a motor dory attached to the station when it caught fire. Not being able to extinguish the flames they jumped overboard. Gash became unconscious and Buckley went to his assistance. A life preserver was thrown to the men, but by accident it struck Buckley in the face. He was then trying to keep Gash afloat, but the unexpected blow caused him to lose his hold. On the commandant's barge, which had reached the scene of the accident, was John R. Hay, a coxswain. Seeing what had happened to Buckley he jumped overboard and dove to the bottom of the bay in an attempt to recover Gash's body. Hay enlisted in the navy in October, 1913.

IGOROTS, WILD BUT LOYAL



Igorot Chiefs and Warriors.

THOSE wild men of the mountains of the island of Luzon, the hardy, brown-skinned Igorots, have gone to the caves and hiding places where they buried their treasure in the long ago before Dewey broke the shackles of Spanish rule and have unearthed sacks of Spanish and Mexican coins and carried them over mountain trails to Gov. Hilaro Logan as their Liberty loan contribution.

"Please send this offering for the use of the Great Apo across the sea," was their simple request. It amounts to about \$8,891.

As an example of how this primitive people answered the call of the Great Apo for help when the last Liberty loan drive was made by Governor Logan, it is told that three Benguet Igorots came in from an out-of-the-way corner of the mountains one day, carrying sacks of old Spanish treasure, amounting to more than \$1,447.50. Commenting on this humble offering, the Manila Bulletin says:

"The 1,500 pesos, while not in themselves a great amount when the Philippine total subscriptions of over \$6,500,000 is taken into consideration, are regarded by the authorities of the mountain province as the most significant contribution to the entire Liberty loan campaign in the islands, coming as they do from an aboriginal people who never before trusted any savings bank but mother earth, but have been led in 18 years to confide in the integrity of the 'Great Apo across the seas' to such an extent that they unearth their treasure and lug it over the mountains that it may be sent to him to aid in prosecuting the war against Germany.

Want to Go to the Front.

Not only did the Igorots give their treasure, but they offered their services to Governor General Harrison, and are anxious to go to France to help the Great Apo to win the war for freedom. Judge James Ross of the colonial administration, who recently made an extended tour of Luzon, said that every mountain station where he stopped was filled with natives who asked for a chance to enlist. Each native came in with his discharge papers, showing the length and quality of service he had rendered to the government of the Philippines. Then, saying that he had heard the United States was at war with Germany, he would urge his claim to bear arms under the American flag. Judge Ross would advise the sturdy volunteer to rejoin the constabulary, in which many vacancies exist, but this would not satisfy the Igorot. One and all wanted to fight.

When one stops to consider the barbaric life that the Igorot still lives, this offer of treasure and service to Uncle Sam is all the more remarkable. For the Igorot is still very much himself and is totally different from all his other Philippine brothers. Americans are establishing schools, and education is making some progress. But the Igorots have no laws, and each community is ruled by a council of old men. They live in the northwestern section of the island of Luzon, and number about 185,000. There is a mountainous country, six days' march inland from the nearest civilized town. They are a mixture of savage, barbarian and civilized people.

Worship One God.

They have one god, Lumawig, and their religious system is a sort of worship of the spirits of the departed, whom they believe to inhabit the earth just as before they died, except that they are invisible to mortal eyes. The Igorots are moral and upright, from their standpoint, and their code of

conduct, although simple, is strict. They worship in their homes, and in the fields, but have no priests.

They have no written language and no literature of any sort. But they have a number of curious folk tales. One is somewhat akin to the Adam and Eve story. Lumawig, out of love for his people, sent an old couple to earth with a new food for the Igorot tribes. The old couple on a certain day were to explain its use to the mortals, but the latter became curious and could not wait until the appointed time. Two of the Igorots stole the bag in which the new food was hidden. This so angered Lumawig that he said the Igorots thereafter would have to till the ground and gain their food by the sweat of their brows. The new food was rice. It today is the great staple of the people. Rice and sweet potatoes are the only things they raise.

Another legend tells of the origin of head hunting. In warfare the Igorot always brings home the heads of his victims. One day the Moon, which is a woman, was beating out brass. The young child of the Sun stood near by, watching. His scrutiny angered the Moon, and she threw a stick at him, causing decapitation. The Sun then appeared and put his child's head back on his trunk, declaring that because of the Moon's wanton act mortals would henceforth cut off each other's heads when in wrath.

Know How to Irrigate.

Although primitive in their planting and harvesting the Igorots mastered all the details of irrigation. This is the source of their prosperity. They have terraced all the mountainsides and raise two crops of rice a year.

While the Igorots as a race are small, they are exceptionally well developed. They are great mountain climbers. Dress reform does not bother them. A thin breechcloth and a happy smile make up their costume, which they wear the year round. They are much like the aboriginal Indian of America in many customs, one in particular being that the women do all the work, while the men sit around in indolent ease, smoking green tobacco in ill-smelling pipes. The women and children smoke, too.

Superstition enters into their cures for sickness. When a part of the body is injured they tattoo little stars all over the spot, believing that by this means they will drive out the little devils that have taken up their abode there. Being exposed to the sun and weather at all times they are constantly shedding their skin. When death occurs in a family the natives take chicken meat and other foods and a great feast is held, followed by a wild dance similar to the dances of the American Indians. The body is then buried, and the personal belongings of the dead person are handed among the relatives and the visitors depart. For ornamentation the women gather little berries, which they string and which are then plaited in the strands of their black hair.

They relish dog meat, and after they have fattened a dog on rice they have a barbecue and a wild dance, beating doleful music from the copper and brass and wooden tom-toms.

But with all their quaint and savage customs the Igorots are patriotic to the American flag now, and want to go to the trenches for the Great Apo.

As a Man Is Judged.

Remember, it is not the kind of work you are going to do, but the kind of work you now turn out that counts. Your future is a guess forecasted only by the present. Exceptional unexpected fitness seldom appears. It never happens. It is a matter of growth if it comes at all. Latent ability may lie dormant until challenged by some great task, but it will be a mental competence physically handicapped if it hasn't been working up to its job.

With the right intelligence and will power there is no reason why you can't work up. You have the same chance that has made others great. If your mentality and skill are equal to theirs, why can't you do what they have done. If they are not you have no reason to complain. When you make your life count, obstacles and problems will become pleasures. Men of mental rejoice in the chance to prove themselves.